

# Bruce Springsteen, A Good Man Is Hard To Find

It's cloudy out in Pittsburgh  
It's raining in Saigon  
Snow's fallin' all across the Michigan line  
Well she sits by the lights of the Christmas tree  
With the radio softly on  
Thinkin' how a good man is so hard to find

Well once she had a fella  
Once she was somebody's girl  
And she gave all she had that one last time  
Now there's a little girl asleep in the back room  
She's gonna have to tell about the meanness in this world  
And how a good man is so hard to find

Well there's pictures on the table by her bed  
him in his dress greens and her in her wedding white  
She remembers how the world was the day he left  
And now how that world is dead  
And a good man is so hard to find

She got time now for Casanovas  
Yeah those days are gone  
She don't want that anymore, she's made up her mind  
just somebody told her  
As the nights get on  
When a good man is so hard to find

Well she shuts off the TV  
And without a word  
Into bed she climbs  
Well she thinks how it was all so wasted  
And how expendable their dreams all were  
When a good man was so hard to find